TIRDAY P

HENRY CLAPP, JR. EDITOR.

VOL. V. NO. 8.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1866.

HENRY DUNBAR.

ACT I.

Screen 1-Parler in Miss Wentworth's cottage. Enter Miss WENTWORTH.

Miss W.—I am a teacher of music, and oh, so poor!

Enter CARTER, a detective.

CARTER.—Good morning, Miss. music lessons.

Miss W. (in a burst of professional enthusiasm.) -And you shall have them. My terms are threepence a lesson.

CARTER.—Farewell, God bless you!

[Exit CABTER.

Mrss W.-A kindly prayer.

Enter Cummer Avaria.

Miss W. And I love you! Let us poo.

Austre.—You will marry me!

Must W.—Undoubtedly. But I have a disreputable old vagabond of a father.

Aparis.—I know the old skunk.

Mrs W.—Then together we will watch over the old reprobate, and make his life a happy

Auerin (with forced enthusiasm), -Oh, certainly.

Scene 2 .- Sitting-room of " The George," at Winchester. Waiter discovered laying the cloth for theo.)

WATTER.—This is a private room. Ha, ha! Exit WAITER.

Enter THE MAJOR.

MAJOR.—This is the room prepared for t of him. He h from India, and having surmounted no end of geographical difficulties, has this day landed at Winchester. [Enter CARTER.

CARTER.—Ha, ha, Major, caught at last! [Handcuffs him.

MAJOR. - What am I wanted for?

CARTER.—Burglary in Cornhill. MAJOR. - I didn't do it.

Stront MAJOR and CABTER Enter HENEY DUMBER—that is, he isn't Henry Dunbar but his clerk Wilson, who has murdered but wait a bit, you'll see. He is pre-ceded by two waiters bearing candelabra, walk-ing backwards, and bosting, as practised in all the best English hotels.

DUNDAR.—Hore at last!

Warren -- Dinner is ready.

Donsan But my friend has not yet com I will wait for him.

(You see, his friend is really Henry Dunbar, while this follow is only but wait a bit, you'll

Walter. Ha! I see a crowd bringing something covered with a white sheet.

DUNBAR. (who has murdered the real-but you'll see).—Ha! agony!

Enter a crowd bearing a sofa pillow, covered with

DUNBAR.—"Tis he! "Tis my murdered friend

(You see, Dunbar-that is, not Dunbar, but the fellow who pretends so to be Dunbar-but wait a bit, you'll see.)

ACT II.

Sour 1 .- Drawing-room in Portland-place, Enter ARTHUR LOVELL and LAURA DUNBAR. Astron. al logo you! 8 VA

at a My week forther to med

DURBAR. Ha! You love her?

Astraux. I do. She is wealthy and I am miserably poor, so no one can say that my love is not disinterested.

DURBAR.—Take her. Here is a cheque for fifteen millions. It will assist you in furnishing a home fit for the daughter of Henry Dunbar.

(You see, she isn't his daughter, for he is really Wilson, and not-but wait a bit, you'll see.) ARTHUR.—This is indeed kind!

[Excunt ARTHUR, DUNBAR, and LAURA. Enter MARGARET WENTWORTH and FOOTMAN.

Miss W.—Footman, say I am Margaret Wenthworth, music mistress to Miss Dunbar. Henry Dunbar. Good. I will try and get (Exit FOOTHAM.) At last I shall see the mon-

Enter LAURA.

LAURA.-My own music mistress!

[Embraces her. Miss W.—Yes, Laura! I want to see your father. He owes me much.

LAURA,-I will tell him. As it is necessary to the progress of the piece, that he and I should have an explanatory scene, please step into my boudoir.

Miss W.—Bless your prudent forethought! Exit Miss W. Enter HENRY DUNBAR, that is, of course he isn't-

but you'll see. DUNBAR.—Who is Miss Wentworth?

LAURA.—It is my dear music mistress. She wants to see you. She says you owe her

Disnan. I cannot see her. Give her this the for five hundred thousand pounds. Tell her she shall have one every quarter.

Exit HERRY DUNBAR. LAURA (calling) .- My music mistress.

Enter MISS WENTWORTH. LAURA.—Papa sends you this cheque, with his compliments. It is for five hundred thousand pounds.

Miss W.-I would rather starve and beg from door to door. Adieu.

[Exeunt LAURA and MISS WENTWORTH at opposite

IRISH SPECTATOR.—Bedad, but they've left the nice little cheque on the flure, and it's the sarvints that'll be having a ginteel flare-up wid it.

Scene 2 .- The bank parlor.

Enter HENRY DUNBAR and BALDERSBY, his junior partner.

DUNBAR-So my account is in a satisfactory condition?

BALDERSTY.-Yes, I will call Mr. Austin, the

Colle Ma. Austra. Enter Ma. Austra with ledger.

DUNBAR.—How is my account? Austra.-Quite well, thank you, sir Twen-

ty-seven millions is the amount of your loose cash.

DUNBAR.—Good. Here is a cheque for twenty thousand for yourself.

Austra.-Thanks. I am going to marry Miss Wentworth, but you don't know her.

DUNBAR.—Ha! Then I make you manager of our Indian branch, with a salary of ten millions a year!

Austra.-Thanks. I will tell Margaret. She is in the bank.

DUMBAR; -Ha! in the bank! Then I will escape by a back way.

[Escapes. You see-but wait a bit.

ACT III.

Scene 1 .- Drawing-room in Maudelay Abbey, DUNBAR'S Country Seat.

Enter DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.—Oh, remorse! [Enter THE MAJOR. MAJOR.—Ah! you murdered Henry Dunbar. DURBAR.-Ha!

MAJOR.—Yes. Give me seventy-five thousand pounds, and I'll not mention it!

DURBAR.—Certainly. Here is a cheque for the exact amount.

MAJOR.—Thank you. Good day.

Exil MAJOR:

DUNBAR.—Oh, Remorse! Also Grief! Would that I could sleep!

Enter MISS WENTWORTH

Miss W.—Ah! Here he is at last! (Hits him on the back.) MURDERER OF MY PATHER, AWAKE!

DUNBAR.—Ha! Margaret,! At last!

Miss W. (in one breath) What do I see! Father! (in one breath). Then you are not Henry Dunbar, but having murdered Henry Dunbar you dressed in his clothes and assumed his name, and as he was unknown in England having lived in India all his life, the cheat was not discovered! You see?

DUNBAR.--Not so. I did not murder him! I only killed him!

Miss W.—Then you are once more my own dear father! [Embrace.

ACT IV.

Scene 1 .- The same. Enter MISS FARREN, DUN-BAR'S Servant.

Miss F. (walking like a pigeon,) - Master'sbin a-half-killed-in a railway hacksidinet! Exit MISS FARREN.

Enter DUNBAR, with all his bones broken.

DUNBAR. - Now to mount a horse and escape the hounds of justice.

[Mounts a horse and escapes the hounds of justice. Enter CARTER, AUSTIN and MISS FARREN.

CARTER. - Where is Mr. Dunbar?

Miss F.—Well, he's—bin and—got off—hof is—bed and—disap—pearded!

CARTER.-Foiled! But we will have him yet!

Scene 2.—Library in Woodbine Cottage.

Enter THE MAJOB, in a false beart MAJOR.—Ha! hem! Dunbar is hidden here -and his pursuers are after him!

Enter CARTER, Austin and MISS WENTWORTH, the latter disguised in a comic wig and a

dustpan. Miss W.—Hey-Maister Dunbar baint here -he be coom here this maarnin', and he be gaan off in that theere direction.

CARTER. (simple dupe!)—Good—I will after [He afters him.

Miss W. (taking off wig.) -Gone at last! Ausrin.—Margaret!

Miss W.—What a fellow you were to split

Austra.—But I didn't know he was your papa!

Euter DUNBAR.

friends in front will only look kindly on my efforts, there will not be a happier old dog in England than Henry Dunbar!

[Dies in great agony. CURTAIN.

At a church-collection mission, says a Western exchange, the preacher said:-"My Christian Brethren, let me caution those of you who put buttons in the box not to break off the eyes. It spoils them for use, and they will not pass among the heathen for coin."

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer, "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

MISS MIX.

By the Author of Jane Eyre, Villette, Shirley, etc.

CONDENSED BY "BREE" FOR THE "CALIFORNIAN

CHAPTER I.

Mr earliest impressions are of a huge, misshapen-rock, against which the hoarse waves beat unceasingly. On this rock three pelicans are standing in a defiant attitude. A dark sky lowers in the background, while two sea-gulls and a gigantic cormorant eye with extreme disfavor the floating corpse of a drowned woman in the foreground. A few bracelets, coral necklaces and other articles of jewelry, scattered around loosely, completed this remarkable picture.

It is one which, in some vague, unconscious way, symbolizes, to my fancy, the character of man. I have never been able to explain exactly why. I think I must have seen the picture in some illustrated volume, when a baby, or my mother may have dreamed it before I was born.

As a child, I was not handsome. When I consulted the triangular bit of looking-glass which I always carried with me, it showed a pale, sandy and freckled face, shaded by locks like the color of sea-weed when the sun strikes it in deep water. My eyes were said to be indistinctive; they were a faint, ashen gray; but above them rose—my only beauty—a high, massive, domelike forehead, with polished temples, like door-knobs of the purest porcelain.

Our family was a family of governesses. My mother had been one, and my sisters had the same occupation. Consequently, when at the age of thirteen, my eldest sister handed me the advertisement of Mr. Rawjester, elipped from that day's Times, I accepted it as my destiny. Nevertheless, a mysterious precentiment of an indefinite future haunted me in my dreams that night, as I lay upon my little snow-white bed. The next morning, with two bandboxes tied up in silk handkerchiefs, and a hair trunk, I turned my back upon Minerva Cottage forever.

CHAPTER II.

BLUNDERBORE HALL, the seat of James Rawjester, Esq., was encompassed by dark pines DUNBAR.—I am about to die, and if our and fuseral hemlocks on all sides. The wind sang weirdly in the turrest and moaned through the long-drawn avenues of the park. As I approached the house I saw several mysterious figures flit before the windows, and a yell of demoniac laughter answered my summons at the bell. While I strove to repress my gloomy forebodings, the housekeeper, a timid, scared looking old woman, showed me into the

> I entered, overcome with conflicting emotions. I was dressed in a narrow gown of dark serge, trimmed with black bugles. A thick green shawl was pinned across my breast. My hands were encased with black half-mittens worked with steal beads; on my feet were large pattens, originally the property of my deceased grandmother. I carried a blue cotton umbrella. As I passed before a mirror, I

could not help glancing at it, nor could I disruisa from myself the fact that I was not handsome.

Drawing a chair into a recess, I sat down folded hands, calmly awaiting the arrival of my master. Once or twice a fearfull yell rang through the house, or the rattling of phains, and curses uttered in a deep, manly voice broke upon the oppressive stillness. I began to feel my soul rising with the emergency of the moment.

"You look alarmed, miss. You don't hear anything, my dear, do you ?" asked the house. keeper nervously.

"Nothing whatever," I remarked calmly, as a terrific scream, followed by the dragging of chairs and tables in the room above, drowned for a moment my reply. "It is the silence, on the contrary, which has made me foolishly nervous."

The housekeeper looked at me approvingly, and instantly made some tea for me.

I drank seven cups; as I was beginning the eight, I heard a crash, and the next moment a man leaped into the room through the broken window.

CHAPTEP III.

THE crash startled me from my self-control. The housekeeper bent toward me and whispered:

"Don't be exited. It's Mr. Rawjester-he prefers to come in sometimes in this way. It's his playfulness, ha! ha! ha!"

"I perceive," I said calmly. "It's the unfettered impulse of a lofty soul breaking the tyrannizing bonds of custom," and I turned toward him.

He had never once looked at me. He stood with his back to the fire, which set off the herculean breadth of his shoulders. . His face was dark and expressive; his under jaw squarely formed, and remarkably heavy. I was struck with his remarkable likeness to a gorilla.

As he absently tied the poker into hard knots with his nervous fingers, I watched him with some interest. Suddenly he 'turned toward me:

"Do you think I'm handome, young wo-

"Not classically beautiful," I returned calmly, "but you have, if I may so express myself, an abstract manliness—a sincere and wholesome barbarity which, involving as it does, the naturalness"-but I stopped, for he yawned at that moment—an action which sinularly developed the immense breadth of his lower jaw-and I saw he had forgotten me. Presently he turned to the housekeeper:

"Leave us."

The old woman withdrew with a courtesy. Mr. Rawjester deliberately turned his back upon me and remained silent for twenty minutes. I drew my shawl the more closely around my shoulders and closed my eyes.

"You are the governoss?" at length he

"I am, sir."

"A creature who teaches geography, arithmetic, and the use of the globes ha !-- a wreched remnant of femininity a skimp pattern of girlhood with a premature flavor of tea-leaves and morality. Ugh

I bowed my head silently.

"Listen to me, girl?" he said sternly; "this child you have come to teach—my ward—is not legitimate. She is the offspring of my mistress. Ah! Miss Mix, what do you think of me now?"

"I admire," I replied calmly, "your sincerity. A mawkish regard for delicacy might have kept this disclosure to yourself. I only recognize in your frankness that perfect community of thought and sentiment which should exist between original natures."

I looked up; he had already forgotten my presence, and was engaged in pulling off his boots and coat. This done, he sank down in an arm-chair before the fire, and ran the poker wearily through his hair. I could not help pitying him.

The wind howled dismally without, and the rain beat furiously against the windows. I crept toward him and seated myself on a low

stool beside his chair.

Presently he turned, without seeing me, and placed his foot absently in my lap. I affected not to notice it But he started and looked down.

"You here yet—Carrothead? Ah, I forgot. Do you speak French?"

" Oui, Monsieur."

"Taisez vous!" he said sharply, with singular purity of accent. I complied. The wind moaned fearfully in the chimney, and the light burned dim. I shuddered in spide of myself. "Ah, you tremble, girl!"

"It is a fearful night!"

"Fearful! Call you this fearful, ha! ha! ha! Lock! you wreched little atom, look," and he dashed forward, and, leaping out of the window, stood like a statue in the pelting storm, with folded arms. He did not stay long, but in a few minutes returned by way of the hall chimney. I saw from the way that he wiped his feet on my dress that he had again forgotten my presence.

"You are a governess. What can you teach?" he asked, suddenly and fiercely

thrusting his face in mine.

"Manners," I replied calmly.

"Ha! teach me."

"You mistake yourself," I said, adjusting my mittens. "Your manners require not the artificial restraint of society. You are radically polite; this impetuosity and ferociousness is simply the sincerity which is the basis of a proper deportment. Your instincts are moral; your better nature, I see, is religious. As St. Paul justly remarks—see chap. 6, 8, 9 and 10—"

He seized a heavy candlestick, and threw it at me. I dodged it sudmissively but firmly.

"Exuse me," he remarked, as his under jaw slowly relaxed. "Exuse me, Miss Mix—but I can't stand St. Paul! Enough—you are engaged."

CHAPTER IV.

I FOLLOWED the housekeeper as she led the way timidly to my room. As we passed into a dark hall in the wing, I noticed that it was closed by an iron gate with a grating. Three of the doors on the corridor were likewise grated. A strange noise as of shuffling feet and the howling of infuriated animals rang through the hall. Bidding the housekeeper good night, and taking the candle, I entered my bedchamber.

I took off my dress, and, putting on a yellow fiannel nightgown, which I could not help feeling did not agree with my complexion, I composed myself to rest by reading "BLAIR'S RHETORIC" and "PALEY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY." I had just put out the light, when I heard roices in the corridor. I listened attentively. I recognized Mr. Rawjester's stern tones.

"Have you fed No. 1?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said a gruff voice, apparently belonging to a domestic.

" How's No. 2?"

"She's a little off her feed, just now, but will pick up in a day or two."

" And No. 3?"

"Perfectly furious. Her tantrums are ungovernable."

" Hush!"

The voices died away, and I sank into a fitful slumber.

I dreamed that I was wandering through a tropical forest. Suddenly I saw the figur of a gorilla approaching me. As it neared me, I recognized the features of Mr. Rawjester. He held his hand to his side as if in pain. I saw that he had been wounded. He recognized me and called me by name, but at the same moment the vision changed to an Ashantee village, where, around a fire, a group of negroes were dancing and participating in some wild *Obi* festival. I awoke with the strain still surging in my ears.

"Hokee-podee wokee fum!"

Good Heavens! could I be dreaming? I heard the voice distinctly on the floor below, and smelt something burning. I arose, with an indistinct presentiment of evil, and hastily putting some cotton in my ears and tying a towel about my head, I wrapped myself in a shawl and rushed down stairs. The door of Mr. Rawjester's room was open. I entered.

Mr. Rawjester lay apparently in a deep slumber, from which even the clouds of smoke that came from the burning curtains of his bed could not rouse him. Around the room a large and powerful negress, scantily attired, with her head adorned with feathers, was dancing wildly, accompanying herself with bone castinets. It looked like some terrible fetish.

I did not lose my calmness. After firmly empting the pitcher, basin and slop-jar on the burning bed, I proceeded cautiously to the garden, and, returning with the garden engine, I directed a small stream at Mr. Rawiester.

At my entrance the gigantic negress fied. Mr. Rawjester yawned and woke. I explained to him, as he rose dripping from the bed, the reason of my presence. He did not seemed to be exited, alarmed or discomposed. He gazed at me curiously.

"So you risked your life to save mine, eh?

I blushed modestly, and drew my shwal tightly over my yellow flannel night-gown.

"You love me, Mary Jane—don't deny it! This trembling shows it!" He drew me closely toward him, and said, with his deep voice tenderly modulated;

"How's her pooty tootsens—did she get her 'ittle tootens wet—bess her."

I unterstood his allusion to my feet. I glanced down and saw that in my hurry I had put on a pair of his old India-rubbers. My feet were not small or pretty, and the addition dld not add to their beauty.

"Let me go, sir," I remarked quietly.

"This is all improper; it sets a bed example for your child," and I firmly but gently extricated myself from his grasp. I approached the door. He seemed for a moment buried in deep thought.

"You say this was a negress!"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph, No. 1, I suppose?"
"Who is Number One, sir?"

"My first," he remarked, with a significant and sarcastic smile. Then relapsing into his old manner, he threw his boots at my head, and bade me begone. I withdrew calmly.

CHAPTER V.

My pupil was a bright little girl, who spoke French with a perfect accent. Her mother had been a French ballet-dancer, which probably accounted for it. Although she was only six years old, it was easy to perceive that she had been several times in love. She once said to me:

"Miss Mix, did you ever have the grande passion? Did you ever feel a fluttering here?" and she placed her hand upon her small chest, and sighed quaintly, "a kind of distaste for bonbons and caromels, when the world seemed as tasteless and hollow as a broken cordial drop,"

"Then you have felt it?" I said quietly.

"O dear, yes. There was Buttons—that was our page, you know—I loved him dearly, but papa sent him away. Then there was Dick, the groom, but he laughed at me, and I suffered misery!" and she struck a tragic French attitude. "There is to be company here to morrow," she added, rattling on with childish naivete, "and papa's sweetheart—Blanche Marabout—is to be here. You know they say she is to be my mamma."

What thrill was this shot through me? But I rose calmly, and administering a slight correction to the child, left the apartment.

Blunderbore House, for the next week, was the scene of gaiety and merriment. That portion of the mansion close with a grating was walled up, and the midnight shrieks no longer troubled me.

But I felt more keenly the degradation of my situation. I was obliged to help Lady Blanche at her toilette and help her to look beautiful. For what? To captivate him? Oh—no, no—but why this certain thrill and faintness? Did he really love her? I had seen him pinch and swear at her. But I reflected that he had thrown a candlestick at my head, and my foolish heart was reassured.

It was a night of festivity, when a sudden message obliged Mr. Rawjester to leave his guests for a few hours. "Make yourselves merry, idiots," he added under his breath, as he passed me. The door closed and he was gone.

An half hour passed. In the midst of the dancing a shriek was heard, and out of the swaying crowd of fainting women and excited men, a wild figure strode into the room. One glance showed it to be a highwayman, heavily armed, holding a pistol in each hand.

"Let no one pass out of this room!" he said, in a voice of thunder. "The house is surrounded and you cannot escape. The first one who crosses youder threshold will be shot

like a dog. Gentlemen, I'll trouble you to approach, in single file, and hand me your purses and watches."

Finding resistance useless, the order was ungraciously obeyed.

"Now ladies, please to pass up your jewelry and trinkets."

The order was still more ungraciously complied with. As Blanche handed to the bandit captain her bracelet, she endeavored to conceal a diamond necklace, the gift of Mr. Rawjester, in her bosom. But with a demoniac grin, the powerful brute tore it from its concealment, and administering a hearty box on the ear of the young girl, flung her aside.

It was now my turn. With a beating heart, I made my way to the robber chieftain, and sank at his feet. "Oh, sir, I am nothing but a poor governess, pray let me go."

"Oh, ho! A governess? Give me your last month's wages, then. Give me what you have stolen from your master!" and he laughed fiendishly.

I gazed at him quietly, and said, in a low voice, "I have stolen nothing from you, Mr. Rawjester!"

"Ah, discovered'! Hush! Listen, girl!" he hissed, in a fiercer whisper, "utter a syllable to frustrate my plans and you die—aid me, and—"but he was gone.

In a few moments the party, with the exception of myself, were gagged and locked in the cellar. The next moment torches were applied to the rich hangings, and the house was in flames. I felt a strong hand seize me, and bear me out in the open air and place me upon the hillside, where I could overlook the burning mansion. It was Mr. Rawjester.

"Burn!" he said, and he shook his fist at the flames. Then sinking on his knees before me, he said hurriedly:

"Mary Jane, I love you; the obstacles to our union are or will be soon removed. In yonder mansion were confined my three crazy wives. One of them, as you know, attempted to kill me! Ha! this is vengeance! But will you be mine?"

I fell, without a word, upon his neck.

(For the Saturday Prees.)

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

I hav not bin able tew learn who fust discovered or invented the very convenient doktrine ov predestinashun.

As far az the beasts, and the birds, and the fishes are concerned this doktrine iz awl well enuff.

And it works good in the history ov thrashing masheens and pattent churns warrented tew make butter out ov cream; but enny man who iz willing tew beleaf it musn't be suprised if he wakes up sum cold frosty morning next winter, and finds himself in the penitenshiary 6 months for committing grand larseny, under protest.

Awl the kowards and lazy fellows beleave this dektrine and liv up tew it.

After I hav started for Chikago 8 different times to receive a legasy ov 20 thousand dollars from a rich nukle (who has bin careless

enuff tew die) and fetch up, each time, at Red Bank, New Jersey, then I shall be more inclined to beleaf in the doktrine ov predestinashun.

I would sooner beleaf that locomotiffs waz made on purpuss tew run oph from the trak.

I think that mules might possibly hav bin predestinated tew hit a man twice in a seckond at long range; but whenever I hav herd a man say he waz predestined tew do a certain thing, i hav notised the "certain thing" waz alwuz a cuzzed mean one.

If this doktrine iz a good and true one we might az well (awl ov us) buy a dozen ov eggs and go tew setting at onst, and let the chickens prove the doktrine.

There iz sum things that appears a little rude at fust sight but if yu examin them clussly they will appear more so.

The milk of humin kindness iz the last kind ov milk that ought tew be watered; it is generally weak enuff when it fust cums.

It is sed that wimmin kant talk in their sleep; this may be so, but it don't look reasonabel.

In Utaw, it is a poor devil that has but one wife, and a poorer devil that has more.

A grate menny folks are so full ov themselfs that they are continually slopping over.

There is one thing I don't pine for, and that is tew sett in a hot rale-rode kar bi the side ov sum onfortunate wanderer from the olde country who has bin gorged with plug tobakker, raw onions, and New England rum; I had rather weep over the ruins ov a deserted cess-

"Delays," are sed "tew be dangerous," but i have thought the time spent in courting waz a good risk tew take.

(For the Saturday Press.)

AMERIKAN ARISTOKRASY.

VIEWED BI JOSH BILLINGS.

Politikal ekonomissts hav defined an aristokrasy as a power or government in which a privileged few hold dominyun.

I am not aware that sich a government exists, in a pure form, at the present day amung the nashuns ov the earth.

But we kant be mistaken in the fackt that even in our own Republik there are menny kandidates who would luv tew participate in the peculiar privilegee ov an aristokrasy.

Wd hav divided Amerikan Aristokrasy (jist for fun) into 8 piles—The moneyed, the mackrel, and the pedigree aristokrats.

Not having mutch time tew spare, we pitch intew them a good deal az foller's:

The moneyed aristokrats are like certain fine coated animals worth just what their hides will bring.

The mackrels are remarkable for their numbers, and the small kapital they dew bizzness on; and while arayed in their false dignity, and straining hard tew cheat us in awl things, are like a drunken man trieing tew walk a krach.

The pedigrees hav mutch innosense and little courage. Content with the glory of their ansesstors, they are satisfied in holding under

our noses a grandfather's foodle, and foodly beleaf that the bones make them quall of greatness.

Finally, trieing tew be a fust klass aristokrat in America, just yet, appears tew us tew be almoste as flattring an enterprise as climbing a greased pole. Thare is great doubt about our being able tew reach the top, and if we dew succeed (and don't pull the pole upafter us) we will soon hav the mortifikashun ov seeing sum other sheumaker climbing up the same pole.

Morar—Don't be an aristokrat if yu kan help it.

TOO LATE.

" Douglas, Douglas, tendir and treu."

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile shone on me ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!

My eyes were blinded, your words were few:

Do you know the truth now up in heaven,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Miss Muloss.

(For the Saturday Press.)

METEOROLOGICAL.

By the Weathercock of the Tribune.

SUNDAY.

(Cold and clear.)

The languorous effeminacy of the atmosphere of yesterday has given place to a frigidity of temperature which is positively repelling.

The brumal breathings of the hyperborean deity of the Winter's cold swept us like the passing of an unquiet ghost.

The air bit shrewdly.

It was an eager and a nipping air.

Yet, unimpeded by clouds, Apollo drove his golden chariot across the amythistine causeways of the empyrean; the divine equipage shedding throughout the day the beamy scintillations of its silver wheels.

MONDAY.

(Cold and doudy.)

The frigorific mood of the atmosphere continues; but the sapphire of the heavens has been succeeded by the opal.

The old glasier, Frost, has been at work upon the broken windows of the wayside pools, with chisels of sharp winds and putty of adhesive mists.

From present appearances, however, his

political supplications of the state of the

or rest hondon but a tompar.

native (Light more succeeded by there.)

The atmospheric phases of last evening steworthy character.

the sweet pale countenance of the New Year was at first obsoured by a bridal veil of virgin snow; but the sun, her husband, kissed h its folds at an early hour; and, by noon, she was dissolved into happy tears. -

WEDNESDAY.

(Continuance of the thaw.)

In vain has the sorrowing year wiped her streaming eyes with the flowing skirts of many a balmoral, in vain have her soft sighings round the chimney tops smitten the loy bosom of the Hammerer, Thor; her tears flow on.

Insensible to her entreaties, the Arctic Delty, jealous of his rival, the God of Day, refuses to congeal her tears. The latter Deity, however, occasionally reawakens hope in her disconsolate bosom by a sly squint or two, whose golden gleams dart across the world, and thrill her pulses with the expectancy of Spring.

THURSDAY.

(Threatening weather followed by a snow storm.)

The most pessimistic philosopher would probably have been satisfied with the weather to-day, yet the optimist himself would not have been altogether disgusted.

A day of strange threatenings—one which calls forth the most delicate imagery of our

phulstle pen. The night was a heaven of voiceless peace. Like Endymion on the Saturnian slope, the dim earth lay lapped in visionless trance, till Cynthia leaned from her pearl-paved path in the heavens and-kissed his slumber into happy dreams, while her silver bow, fallen from her grasp in the rapt listlessness of the moment,

gleamed on frozen frith and pond. In the morning, Ate, the Goddess of Mischief flung her Golden Apple of sunshiny Discord upon the banquet table of Olympus. First the majestic June demanded the prise, with many vaporings and some intimidating thunder; Pallas put in her claim, and sought to bribe the arbiter with fair promises of a wisely bentileent day; but the blue patches broadened in the sky, the gleams of flying sunshine grew frequenter, and a strange balminess nellowed the air as the Laughter-loving

But the luckless adjudger of the prise, though he won a form of transient beauty, did so at the cost of a Trojan war. The heavens derhood; the matterings of Jove rolled down from Olympus; and presently the vengeance of the elements burst over the earth in hail and show and ravings wild and fierce.

CO O des eds passessions

(Saft and spring like.)

of love upon lips that shrink but yet return it

SONG OF THE CHINESE GONG.

What sound is this that strikes the ear, Arousing to his morning cheer Each mertal who, through all the night, Was wrapt in slumber's visions bright? 'Tis the Gong! 'Tis the Gong! The Ching Chong Geng!

The Wang-Chang Gong! The Chingiling, Krangalan, Hong Kong Gong! [Symphony on the Gong—allegro.]

But hark! that sound again I hear, Which rings so loud, so full and clear, It thrills the souls of all who feel A relish for their noon-day meal ! 'Tis the Gong! 'Tis the Gong! The Cheng-Chong Gong!

The Wang-Chang Gong! The Chingiling, Krangalang, Hong Kong Gong! [Symphony—allegro furioso.]

It sounds again! And such a sight! The people rush with all their might, And crowd and pull, lest they should be Too late—alas !—to come to tea! 'Tis the Gong! 'Tis the Gong! The Ching-Chong Gong! The Wang-Chang Gong!

The Chingiling, Krangalang, Hong Kong Gong! [Symphony-allegro, furioso, fortissimo.]

But still, I love to hear the sound;

It sends the smiles of gladness round! Of all the MOVING sounds we hear, There's none that seems at times, so dear As the Gong! As the Gong! The Ching Chong Gong! The Wang Chang Gong! The Chingiling, Krangalang, Hong-Kong Gong! [Symphony-allegro, furioso, fortissimovery much, if not more so!]

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.*

e use that might be made of it, is daydream in which few persons have not at some time or another indulged, and is becoming, apparently, a favorite idée mère with our lady-novelists. In one of her latest novels, Miss Braddon puts a common soldier into the special scheming and selfish conflicts of which

he at once becomes the centre and object.

Miss Edwards prepares the ground more elaborately. In "Only a Clod" the interest was simply to see what the fortunate hero would do with his money.

In the work under review the money itself Is invested with a sort of blotorical into By a daying the which the colebrated The act will his facilities the three a variation ed the idea, a vast sum of

La the follows of time, a makery on on the beloat-law, Sexon Tre whose branch of his family had nettled long since in Switzerland.

The character of the man born to this vast inheritance is oleverly designed to enhance the interest of the story. He has been brought up by his uncle, a Swiss pastor, in the simple ways and habits of a hardy mountaineer, and in utter ignerance of the brilliant lot that swafted him. More than this, the cornerstone of his uncle's educational policy had been to keep his mind a tabula Rasa on the subject of money, that the temptation to love it overmuch might be altogether removed. Well might the worthy old man be haunted by misgivings as to the wisdom of his plan, as the period when it was to end approached, for nothing could well be more silly. It is one thing to keep the soul of a young millionaire unsullied by any sordid taint, and another to leave him to grow up to manhood in ignorance of the fact that a Napoleon is worth twenty francs. It would be about as reasonable to expect a youth so trained, or rather so neglected, to use his riches well, as it would be to expect one who, upon principle, had never been taught to swim, to keep himself afloat. But this was just Pastor Martin's mistake. He looked on money too exclusively as the root of all evil, and forgot to view it in . its other capacity as an instrument of good, not merely to the possessor but to society at large -an instrument which must be thoroughly understood to be properly used. If the consequences of Saxon Trefalden's peculiar training did not prove altogether disastrous, it was due to his own common sense, and not to the educational crotchet to which he was victim-

But there was a Nemesis attending the Trefalden bequest. The injury done to the sons of the testator, who were passed over for an unborn heir, was destined to rankle in the minds of the descendants. The only surviving representative of the younger branches of the family, at the time when the lucky young Swiss farmer came into possession, was William Trefalden, a solicitor of high standing, with an office in Chancery Lane, and a mysterious villa in Kensington. A brilliant, unscrupulous man of the world, every fibre of whose active brain was busy with a thousand projects, and who, moreover, had reason to think himself specially ill-used To imagine a large sum of money, and the by the devolution of the money on a stranger cousin, was not the man to let slip the opportunity for redressing the ancient wrong. His first step is to start for the Grisons, and ingratiate himself with the unsuspecting young heir, who is only too glad to entrust the management of his affairs to a relative. Under the latter's auspices, Saxon Trefalden is Jaunched in English society, and soon becomes the prey of designing friends.

Miss Edwards' scenes of club and bachelor life are amusing, and much more life-like than is usual with lady-novelists. Sir Charles Burgoyne, with his impertubable assurance, and sal perception of character; Mr. Greatorer, the young city banker, and Brummagem fine gentleman; and Mr. Brandon, one of the men whom nature seems to have run up by contact, whose understanding the very smallest

weight of knowledge would have at any mo ment broken down, while his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimslest modern taste, who played croquet well, and billiards badly, and was saturated through with smoke like a Finnan haddock "-are sketches which exhibit no small satirical power, and, as clubtypes, are not unworthy of a place in the great Thackeray gallery.

The description of the Richmond dinner which Saxon gives to the Italian prima donna. who comes with her "tail"—a gloomy brother "who ate as if intent on provisioning himself against a long blockade," and two sisters, who divided their attention between the champagne and the dessert—is full of quiet humor, all the more effective because free from exag-

Meantime, it is far from William Trefalden's intention to allow his cousin to be promiscuously plundered. The booty must fall to himself, and no one else; so he acts the part of Mentor, and tries to keep his young cousin's expenditures within bounds, till his plans for swooping himself on the accumulated treasure are matured.

The character of William Trefalden is one of the most skillfully drawn in the book. He has nothing of the convential hypocrite about him, but is simply a thoroughly selfish man, who directs a strong will and remarkable powers of intellect to the attainment of a base end. It serves a useful moral purpose to strip villainy of the apparent complexity in which it is enveloped, and reveal it in all its naked commonplace.

The calm self-contained man of the opening scenes is almost as great an enigma to the reader as he is represented to have been to his own clerks, who saw him daily, and yet had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the veriest strangers who brushed past him in Chancery Lane. To them he was a grave, plodding, careful man, somewhat parsimonious as to his expenditure, provokingly reticent as to his private habits, and evidently bent on the accumulation of riches. And yet he was at heart merely a selfish voluptuary, who prized money only for the luxury it yielded, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of personal gratification.

But so gradually is the psychological dis-

guise dropped, so various are the motives by which he is presumably actuated, so cleverly is the one dominant motive hid from view, so well maintained are the easy cynical tone and rld, that the disclosure of the fact that William Trefalden is, afterall, a mere vulgar swin dler burts on the reader with almost the force of a surprise. The attempt to provide a setoff to his selfishness in the pure patriotic enthusiasm of Olimpia Colonna strikes us as the least happy feature of this work. In her way, the fair conspirator is as little disinterested as William Trefalden. So far, of course, as Italian unity is a worthier object to intrigue for than a villa in St. John's Wood, Olimpia unquestionably had a nobler end in view, and is entitled to more sympathy. But the constant trickery to which she stoops to promote her father's projects is very repulsive. Probably no woman could play the role of a decoy-duck in any enterprise, however grand or

magnanimous, without moral deterioration.

The indelicacy with which the fair Colonn-

extracts a blank cheque from her admirer, and the two Trefaldens, young ladies, has fills it up with double the amount which was first proposed, fully justified William Trefalden in putting his cousin on his guard against her and her subscription list. But, setting aside the question of morality, the character of Olimpia is singularly devoid of charm. woman "with a cause" is generally a bore of the first magnitude.

It is a mitigating circumstance when, as in the case of the fair Italian, she is pretty. But, whatever her good looks, one wearies of the society of a lady with a geographical expression perpetually on her lips. The question, What can he do for us? which seems to have embodied the first thought of Olimpia on each fresh introduction, would become, in course of time, slightly tiresome. One's selfesteem is nettled by being solely regarded in the one capacity of a possible contributor to "the cause," whether that cause be Italian freedom or African missions. The defect in Olimpia's enthusiasm is its low level. There is no romance or poetry about it. She is simply a cold-blooded doctrinaire, incessantly calculating ways and means, and using her beauty as a lure to unwary young gentlemen with long purses.

She kindles no lofty enthusiasm, invests her cause with no sanctity of her own. Consequently her influence is merely personal and transient. The young men who come within its range are affected by no deeper feeling than that of admiration. They go to Italy, not because they are persuaded of the grandeur of justice of her cause, but simply to fight pour les beaux yeaux de Mademoiselle.

Except Olimpia, there is no very prominent female character in the book. It is rare to find an authoress who is more successful with her men than her women, as Miss Edwards undoubtedly is in this work. Lady Castletowers strikes us as a semewhat feeble as well as conventional embodiment of family pride. A lady whose ancestors had intermarried once with the Plantagenets, and twice with the Tudors would not be very likely to set her heart on seeing a marquis's coronet upon her carriage panels, or to revert in thought to strawberry leaves when the prayer for the fulfilment of desires and petitions was read in church. There is an alloy of vulgarity in these aspirations which diminishes one's respect for the " daughter, wife and mother of an earl." The idea of making an ultra-Tory countess the friend and harborer of Italian conspirators of current morality of the shrewd man of the the Mazzini type is so curious that it has probably been suggested by something in a life; but we much question whether the imbecility which Lady Castletowers exhibits as a matchmaker can be explained in the same manner. The rich Miss Hatherton is little more than a rechauffe of the blunt good-natured heiress with whom we have made acquaintance in the pages of Mr. Anthony Trol-

Helen Rivière must be regarded as introduced chiefly for the purpose of providing the hero with a wife. She has no other raison ditre that we can discover, unless it be to serve as a contrast so the queenly Olimpia. The attempt to connect her with the main thread of the story and the rest of the dramatis per some, by the contrivance of a disowned relationship to the Castletowers family strikes us as rather clumsy. As for her conduct towards

course a prescriptive right to caprice, but it is, to say the least, perplexing. Gratitude, we suppose, for the aid he had afforded her mother and herself in their distress, induced her to consent to marry William Trefalden; and when he absconded to Bordeaux with two millions' worth of his cousin's money in a carpetbag, Helen was the partner of his flight. Of course she knew nothing of his villainies, and the discovery of them naturally produced a violent reaction against him. But the promptitude with which she transferred her affections to his cousin, whom she had only once in her life seen for a few minutes on a railway platform, while it showed a keen perception of the best course to be pursued under the circumstances, might appear, to a romantically-disposed reader, rather heartless. It looks a little as if a matrimonial settlement was the paramount object, and as if the fair Helen would have been equally pleased to continue her journey with any eligible young man who appeared in the nick of time to relieve her from the dilemma in which she was placed. Miss Edwards forgets that there are two parties to every love affair.

There is nothing absurdly improbable in the passion of Saxon Trefalden for Helen, because he knew her whole story, having accidentally been present at an interview which she had had with his haughty aunt at Castletowers. But Miss Rivière's acquaintance with him began and ended with the solitary rencontre at the Waterloo Station—an acquaintance somewhat too short, we submit, to warrant her permitting him, when they next met under peculiarly painful circumstances, to put his arm round her waist, and brush her cheek with his curls. "What pity is akin to," we observe, is the motto prefixed to the chapter in which this remarkable transference of affection is described. It furnishes the key to the part which Saxon Trefalden plays in the transaction; but so far as the lady is concerned, it is quite inapplicable. La donna è mobile would be more appropriate.

The style in which this novel is written is uniformly clear and forcible. The scenes in the Italian revolution, and the description of the battle of Melazzo in particular, are really spirited; and the story of the novel, and the fortunes of its characters, are made to blend with an exciting passage in history with no small skill. In a work in which the general execution is so careful and nest, it is worth while to point out or two trifling blem-

Lady Castletowers, for instance, as the daughter of an earl, could never have been styled the Hon. Alethea Pierrepont; nor is the profession of solicitor a road to the woolsack. It is not customary for a gentleman to read the papers in a club to which he does not belong, as William Trefalden seems to have done in the very select Erectheum. Lastly, we think that, in the circle of English society in which she moves, the fair Olimpia Colonna would hardly be addressed as "Miss Colonna." These are small matters, it is true, but then Miss Edwards shows as much talent for depicting social manners that she disposes her readers to be fastidious.—London SATURDAY REVIEW.

A Hindoo poet says of the spn: "Soon as his nightly couch refreshed he The constellations all depart like thieves

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A man there came, whence none could tell, Bearing a Touchstone in his hand; And tested all things in the land By its unerring spell:

Quick birth of transmutative smote,

The fair to foul, the foul to fair;

Purple nor ermine did he spare,

Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much,

Were many changed to chips and clods,

And even statues of the Gods

Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried;"

And since they could not so avail

To check his unrelenting guest,

They seized him saying—" Let him test
How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the sword, And in a fire his Touchstone burn'd, Its doings could not be o'erturn'd, Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,

They strew'd its ashes on the breeze;

They little guessed each grain of these
Convey'd the perfect charm.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

(From Canton Magazine for January.)
AMERICAN HUMOR.

. American humor has a flavor peculiar to itself. It smells of the soil. It is an indigenous home growth. Like the native wines of a country, it has an aroma of its own, and is not made up to imitate the Champagnes and Burgundies of a different climate. And if its qualities have not yet been fully developed, there is hope that with careful cultivation, it may be brought to future excellence. It is perhaps natural that this particular literary product should be the first to show the capacities of the country. Here is some reason for the analogy often drawn between the youth of a people and the youth of an individual; and a young man often shows an admirable humor before he has developed corresponding faculties in other directions. To take one striking example-Mr. Dickens displayed all the peculiar characteristics of his humor, if, indeed, he did not give the most perfect example of it, in "Pickwick," almost his first publication, and written at a very early age. No man can have the stock of thought which is necessary for philosophical or scientific excel lence, nor even the stock of experience and observation of life which is necessary for a really great novelist, until he has grown out of his first youth. He can scarcely, in spite of some remarkable examples to the contrary, have enriched his imagination sufficiently to be a great poet. But it is certainly possible for him to show his sense of humor. To account for this, it would be necessary, if it were desirable, to explain what we mean by humora task which we may at once decline as a hopelessly impracticable. The profound psychelogists and critics who have tried their hands at a definition, have signally broken down. We know, indeed, that, unless our naional boast is Ill-founded (a supposition not entertained for a moment), humor is

something for which Englishmen are pre-eminently distinguished, and in which Frenchmen are so deficient that they have even to borrow our name for it. Rabelais and Molière and Voltaire and one or two other writers have certainly some faculty which, to the naked eye, strongly resembles it; but when we look at them through a good pair of English glasses. we see that it isn't the genuine article. As for Germans, it need not be said that they are about as sensitive to humor as so many apple dumplings. The surgical operation which, as sanguine enthusiasts have supposed, might get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, would be thrown away upon a German. Sauerkraut, or Bavarian beer, or home-grown tobacco, seem to act as effectual prophylactics. Trying a joke upon a genuine German is like tickling a rhinoceros with a straw, or rather like digging Mr. Wardell's fat boy in the ribs; you may possibly send a ripple over his surface. but you don't penetrate the outside layer. They are, it is true, an amusable people, as is sufficiently demonstated by their taking pleasure in that dreariest of comic periodicals, Kladderadatsch-a performance which is to Charivari, what Bavarian beer is to Champagne. A Frenchman, though exquisitely witty, does not often show that tenderness of feeling which, combined with wit (if we make a dogmatic assertion about two unknown things), favors the development of humor. A German has tenderness enough and to spare, but is apt to be deficient in the quick play of intellect which produces wit. Our best English humorists have presented the happy combination where the feelings are at the right distance from the intellect, so that the sparks struck out by wit fall instantly upon our sentiment. Or, perhaps, a Frenchman passes too quickly over the associated ideas to get the full meaning out of them; and a German dwells upon them too long and too heavily. Whatever the philosophy of wit and humor may be, they depend to some extent upon detecting resemblances and contrasts which lie upon the surface and will not bear a laborious examination. Everybody feels that Sidney Smith made an exquisitely humorous remark, when he said that it was so hot that he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones; and that Charles Lamb was more profoundly humorous in the "Dissertation upon Roast-Pig." To take, for example, a sentence: "See him" (the sucking pig) "in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Would'st thou have this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer winehood?" The touch a cradle is inimitable: but if a prosaic monster should insist upon analysing the expressions upon determining the degree of resemblance between a pig's dish and his cradle, or upon determining the exact meaning to be attributed to Sydney Smith's metaphor of sitting in your bones, the whole beauty of the comparisons would evaporate. You might as well try to analyse the flavor of roast-pig by dissecting him with a carving-knife.

This power of catching superficial resemblances by a mysterious intellectual instinct is as likely (as we have before remarked) to exist in a young man as in an old one. It is even more likely to be found where the perceptive faculties are still fresh and vigorous, before we have settled down into a prosaic way of

looking at things; before our minds have stiffened and our intellectual epidermia become thickened by the wear and tear of the. It is true that those happy constituted men, who retain their impressibility, will acquire a richer humor as their minds become stored by new ideas. The humor of Hamlet or of Jaques would be inconceivable in a very young man. But the peculiar cast of humor by which any man will be hereafter distinguished is generally displayed as conspicuous in his youth as at a later period.

It is a very difficult task to find the epithet which ought to make the peculiarities of American humor intelligible to those who do not already understand all that can be said to them. No one can put into words the difference between the scent of a rose and a wallflower. A single experiment will do more than any quantity of explanation. And, therefore, when we attempt to seize some of the main characteristics of American humor, we are only trying by very ineffectual means to teach what any one may learn far better from five minutes' study of the "BIGLOW PAPERS. A whole stream of American humor has lately been turned upon us. "ARTEMUS WARD," the "ORPHEUS C. KERE PAPERS," the LETTERS OF "MAJOR DOWNING," and various other facetious performances, have made their appearance on this side of the Atlantic. As a rule, nothing is more difficult than for one nation to laugh at the jokes which amuse another. A great philosopher used to laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks at the sight of two spiders fighting; our inability to perceive the joke may, possibly, be a proof of our dulness, not of his childishness. Englishmen and Yankees are, however, so far of one family as to appreciate each other's humor. Some of the papers we have mentioned contain very small jokes; but English railway travelers certainly buy them and chuckle over them. Their humor only differs from ours as another species of the same genus. And therefore we may appreciate it sufficiently to see how this variety is connected with certain other national peculiarities. It is not so unlike as to be placed outside our sphere of criticism, and yet it is unlike enough to suggest the necessity of some

There is a contrast between different American writers which strikes us. The United States are, as we know, the land which is or ought to be bounded on the East by the Atlantic Ocean, on the West by the setting sun, on the North by the aurora borealis, and on the South by the Day of Judgment. The page of their orators not unfrequent corresponds to the magnitude of the national idea. There have been many successors to the inimitable Elijah Program. His wellknown bursts of eloquence are, like many of Mr. Dicken's imitations, a good deal more lively than reality, but they strike the true note. The subject of his eloquence was "verdant as are the mountains of our country, bright and flowing as are our mineral ticks, unspiled by withering conventionalities as are our broad and boundless prearers. Rough he may be, so air our bars; wild he may be, so air our buffalers; but he is the child of nature' and the child of freedom, and his boastful answer to the despot and tyrant is, that his bright home is in the settin' sun."

explanation.

(Continued on page 49.)

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

Office of Publication : No. 64 NASSAU STREET, New York City.

Post-Office Address : Box 2120, N. Y.

PRICE, \$3.00 A YEAR.

6 CENTS A NUMBER

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866.

NEW ISSUE OF THE SATURDAY PRESS,

We propose in the course of a few weeksas soon as the type and other material can be obtained—to issue the SATURDAY PRESS in a new, much enlarged, and we trust (this time) permanent form.

The reception which the paper has met with since its re-establishment is such as to warrant us in anticipating a larger circulation and a more extensive advertising support than have ever been accorded to any enterprise of the kind.

The general character of the Press will remain the same; we intend, however, to add several new features, and to make it not only a sprightly sheet, but an organ of the best literary, theatrical, musical and art criticism in the country.

Every department of the paper will be placed in the most competent hands, and neither time nor expense spared to make it at once the most impartial, and the best informed weekly of its class.

The one thing which. above all others, we shall aim to avoid is dullness: but in doing this we shall not forget that a paper may be sprightly without being savage, humorous without being vulgar, and sharp without being

Due notice will be given of the new issue of the Press and we trust that our friends, everywhere, will continue to us those good offices which have enabled us thus far to issue a paper which has secured the almost universal approbation of our contemporaries and which has found its way into the most intelligent and cultivated circles on both sides the Atlantic.

CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

MY DLAR PRESS:-

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor of the Philadelphia Parss, noticing in that paper of the 10th instant a volume recently published under the title of "The Fire Fiend and other Poems, by Charles D. Gardette," says of "The Fire Fiend" (which was originally printed in the SATURDAY PRESS as from an unpublished MS. of Edgar A. Poe) !-" It did not deceive any critic in this country."

On the 30th of September, 1864, this same Dr. Mackenzie, speaking in the same journal of the same verses, says:-" We believe that Poe wrote them."

On the 17th of November, 1864, the Doctor brings them up again, saying, this time, " I thought Poe could not have written them; and on the twenty-first of the same month he asserts positively :- We must believed that Poe wrote

Quar: What is the opinion of Dr. Mackensie worth?

Yours, with not much doubt on the subject, A. B.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

One of my semi-religious friends, who carries the ten commandments in his hat, wears a moral pocket-handkerchief, sits under Artemus Ward Beecher, subscribes to three copies of the SATURDAY PRESS, and uses Kehoe's clubs, has seen fit to write me a note complaining of what he pleases to call my "advocacy of the sensational drama."

I suppose he refers to something I said last week or week before about Tailleure's "East Lynne," or Gayler's "Child-Stealer," though I don't remember now what I did say, and am not positively certain that I said anything.

Somehow, other people remember what I say in these Feuilletons much better than I do, and persist not only in holding me to account for it, but in requiring of me, of all things in the world, that I shall be" consistent "-which I never was in my life and never expect to

I think it very likely I may have said something in favor of the "sensational drama" but if not, I will, some day or other, if only for the reason that we have nothing but the sensational drama left, and that to have no drama at all would be worse than to have no "cakes and ale."

I don't object to the "marble purity of classic art," nor even to the "luxurious embroidery of elegant artifice "-for I like "purity," of all kinds and for "embroidery" have a positive weakness—but I must have the drama, or my occupation is gone-er than Othello's.

Moreover, I don't see the wit of all this talk against the senses.

We have only five of them and they have been abused long enough.

The word sensational instead of a reproach should be a compliment.

Let the senses have their chance.

relation to the senses that the winter bears to supposed defunct but still living Figaro. the summer.

Our meddling intellect,

says Wordsworth,

Misshapes the beauteous form of things; We murder to dissect.

But, Mr. Editor, I hear you ask impatiently: "What has all this to do, my dear Figaro, with your subject, with the Theatres, the Concerts, the Museums, the Circuses and what not, which you promise, and keep promising, to write about ?"

True: I had well nigh forgotten them.

In fact, I had well nigh forgotten myselfwhich would astonish you indeed.

But speaking of the sensational drama, have you seen " The Balloon Wedding?"

If not, go to Wood's Theatre; this very evening and do so

As I told you the other day, the piece is taken from the French; for De Walden is as great a "child-stealer" as Gayler.

The original, written by I forget whom, is called "Le Mariage de Mardi-gras."

I remember reading it in its native tongue. and wondering why somebody didnt translate into American.

I tried to do it, myself, and broke downprobably because I wasn't familiar enough with the American (the French I know as well as I know you).

Just after, De Walden tried it and, in my humble opinion, didn't succeed much better.

However, being more reckless than I am (never mind the connection between "recklessness" and "rum,") he has had it brought out after a fashion, and if it doesn't have a long run I'll lay you two to one that he will charge the blame on Wood-and be half-right at

However, it will run if there is anything in nonsense; and if there is not, how can you explain the success, here or anywhere, of one play in a hundred?

"A little nonsense now and then ' says an old couple,

" Is relished by the wisest men "-

A statement which—to be modest—I can verify by my own experience! [Else why do I relish the SATURDAY PRESS?

I admit there is a little too much nonsense in "The Balloon Wedding": but rather too much than too little, any day.

You see, Mr. Editor, that I am one of those frivolous persons who go in for the theatre simply as a place of amusement.

When I want to be instructed (which I do, occasionally) I go to a library; when I want to be moralized (which I hardly ever do) I go to a lecture; when I want to be converted (which I sometimes have an idea of) I go to a church; but when I want to forget all these things and have a "good time," I go to a

And I rather think that in this I am pretty much like other people.

But do not mistake me.

I agree with you and "C. B. S." (see Wednesday Times) that De Walden is a "reckless dramatist," and that " the Balloon Wedding" is just the recklessest piece that he ever had put on the stage: a statement that I take a savage pleasure in repeating, in revenge for The intellect is very well—in its calm that story of "rum and recklessness" which "classical," icy way-but it bears the same he is said to have invented in respect to your

Nevertheless, as I have hinted, a portion of the "recklessness" (let's drop the "rum") must be attributed to Manager Wood for attempting to bring out a play without players, and to produce scenic effects without scenery. [N. B.—What I said last week about the scene painter of the house must be taken, now, cum grano-which I should have said all the same if his name had not happened to be Grain].

Mind, I don't mean to say that there are literally no players in the piece; for Chanfrau has a part in it, and there is no better player in his line this side the Appenines.

Moreover, Scallan is in it; and when Scallan is himself, he has no second, which seems to make him feel as bad as if he had a duel on hand. [Scallon! you and Mortimer must reform.]

Not even the fireworks in the last act would have availed anything but for them.

Indeed, short of casting the piece afresh (admitting that it is cast at all, now) and putting it an entirely new dress, it will be impossible to invest it with the slightest attraction.

The only good thing about it, now, except a rollicking scene in the first act with two or three immensely comic situations, is its shortness.

In fact, if brevity be the soul of wit, the "Balloon Wedding" is one of the wittiest plays that I know of.

Still, I recommend that it be curtailed even of its present fair proportions, in order that we may have more of the Hanlons.

But I forget: it is to be curtailed in order that we may have more of Chanfrau, who is to appear next week in his great character of Jerry Clip, which he has not done in New York this dozen years, though everybody remembers it, with his wonderful transformations, imitations, etc., as well as if it had been done yesterday.

Then again, room is to be made for the "Fairy Fountain" and an additional supply of fireworks: so that what with these attractions, and the charm of the beautiful theatre itself, (which I couldn't have fitted up with more taste myself) the "Balloon Wedding" may be carried through, after all, even without a cast and with no mounting except a mounting of blunders

However, never mind the play, nor anything necessarily connected with it; but just go and see the Hanlons, and enjoy the finest gymnastic performance ever given in America.

I saw my aforesaid friend there the other night, by the way, and he said he couldn't understand how such physical feats could be accomplished until "after using Kehoe's clubs one year:" but I had to tell him that I had just seen a picture at Pfaff's of a man who had been through that experience, and the only result appeared to be that he had got rid of all his clothes!

But seriously, if you wish to see physical grace carried well nigh to perfection; and feats of agility and daring which require a presence of mind and a nicety of calculation all but miraculous; the Hanlons will show you all this—and much more—as it has never been shown before on either side of the water.

They have made not only an intelligent out a profound study of their profession and, after long, complicated, and perillous experiments—far too perillous—can now safely challenge the world.

In a word, they stand as gymnasts on the same plane with the Ravels as pantomimists: and, like the Ravels, they excite not only the wonder and admiration but the esteem and affection of all who know them.

Much more might be said, but you are already exclaiming "one act! one act!" and so, rather than be tedious, I will change the subject.

However, I have but little space left to bore you with anything.

My pleasantest theatrical experience of the week was at Niblo's, on Monday evening, where I went to take part in the reception given to Miss Bateman: and with the exception of the one given to Booth—which was greatly enhanced by the desire of the public to express their abhorrence of Bennett—it was the grandest reception I have seen.

I didn't stop to see the play ("Leah") for having seen it about a dosen times before, and not being much interested in it aside from Miss Bateman's performance, which is of course admirable, I found it more profitable to go to the Olympic and see Davenport as St. Marc, in "The Soldier of Fortune."

This was really a great performance; though the play is conventional and tricky almost beyond endurance.

There is one scene—a carriage breakdown, rescue, etc., which fortunately goes on in the wings somewhere, out of sight, and which—though occurring at a moment intended to be of intense interest—is all but ludicrous.

Still, Davenport, by his superbacting, carried off even this: and truth to say, he was not only well but powerfully supported by Miss Kate Newton, as Dianora: while Mr. Studley as Gismondo was at times quite equal to Mr. J. W. Wallack who, as you remember, played the same part at Wallack's.

I doubt if either Miss Newton or Mr. Studley were ever seen to greater advantage.

My old friend Hind also made a good hit in the congenial part of a conspirator (Belcastro); and Miss Eliza Newton gushed through the part of Theresa in her most bewitching and overpowering style.

So, on the whole, I had a very nice evening of it; and should have had, anyway, on account of the positive splendor of the scenery.

I meant to have seen "Henry Dunbar" again, this week, at Wallack's, and also to have sat through "Hamlet," for once, at the Winter Garden; but the result was that I only saw the grave-digging scene of the latter, in which, by the way, Mr. Andrews is so good as the First Grave Digger (I have never seen anybody else do it so well), that I would fain recommend him to superintend the operations at the corner of Broadway and Ann St.

Finally, Mr. Editor, I have nothing to add,

1. That John Owens' "Solon Shingle" continues to meet with immense success at the Broadway, where it will be given, again, as a Matinée, to-day at half-past one o'clock:

.2. That a Grand Testimonial Concert will be given to Md'lle. Parepa this evening at Irving Hall, under the direction of Carl Anchütz and Theodore Thomas, and with Miss Maria Seguin, J. Levy, Carl Rosa, S. C. Campbell, S. B. Mills, and E. Seguin among the performers:

3. That the French theatrical company is about to give a series of select performances at Jerome's private theatre:

4. That Max Maretzek will open his next operatic season at the Academy on the first of February:

5. That the drama at Barnum's next week will be "Jessie Gray, or the Convict's Vengeance:" and that the arena-troupe (circus, etc.) of the establishment is rejoicing in the acquisition of a "Performing Three-Horned Bull:"

6. That the New York Circus (late Hippotheatron) now has in Mr. James Robinson, Mme. Louise Tournaire, and Mr. Levi J. North, three of the best equestrian performers in the world:

7. That there will be a Booth Matinée at the Winter Garden every Wednesday till further notice:

8. That there are to be Matinées, also, every Wednesday at Wood's Theatre:

9. Well, that's all, except that I must now go to my club (not Kehoe's), and meanwhile remain,

Yours considerably, FIGARO.

P.S. Your friend "Josh Billings" is off on a lecturing tour. His first appearance was Dansville, N. Y., on Thursday last. His future programme is as follows:—25th Jan. Williamsport, Pa.; 27th at Pittsburg, Va.; 29th at Wheeling, Va.; Feb. 1st at Boston; then fifteen nights, to Feb. 17th, in various parts of New England; and then, Feb. 22d, at Cincinnati, and 23d at Terra Haute, Ind.

(For the Saturday Press.)
[OSH BILLINGS ON LAFFING.

Laffing is strikly an amuzement, altho sum folks make a bizzness ov it.

It haz bin considered an index ov charakter, and there is sum so cluss at reasoning that they say they kan tell what a man had for dinner bi seeing him laff.

I never saw two laff alike.

While there are some who don't make enny noize, there are sum who don't make anything but noize—and sum, agin, who hav musik in their laff, and others who laff just az a rat duz who haz kaught a steel-trap with hiz tale.

There is no mistake in the assershun that it is a cumfert to hear sum laffs that cum romping out ov a man's mouth—like a distrik skool ov yung girls just let out tew play.

Men who never laff may hav good hearts, but they are deep-seated—like sum springs, they hav their inlet and outlet from below and show no sparkling bubble on the brim.

I don't like a giggler; his kind of laff iz like the dandylion, a broad yeller, and not a bit ov good smell about it.

It is true that enny kind ov a laff, if it iz honest, iz better than none; but giv me the laff that looks out ov a man's eyes, fust, tew see if the coast is clear, then steals down into the dimple ov hiz cheek and rides in an eddy thare awhile, then waltzes a spell at the corner ov hiz mouth like a thing ov life, then bursts its bonds ov beauty and fills the air for a moment with a shower ov silvery tounged sparks, then steals bak with a smile tew its lair in the heart tew watch agin for its prey—this iz the kind ov laff that i luv and ain't afraid ov.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd," The names of those who love the Lord.'
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-man."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
bless'd,
And lo i Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Lates Mube.

(Continued from page 80.)

We could quote nothing from the originals so good as the imitation. It is a kind of portable soup, an ounce of which diluted with water would produce a gallon of Fourth of July oration. The originals generally make their "tall talk" dull as well as bombastic. The contrast of which we have spoken is that between the manufacturers and the consumers of this eloquence. The genuine Yankee is the incarnation of shrewd common sense. seems strange that he should be taken in by this "wind bag" style of oratory. One would as soon expect a flat-fish to rise at a salmon fly. He has such a keen eye for a fact, that one would expect him to detect mere flummery. The explanation is, perhaps, simple. Every half educated person first tries to be eloquent by piling up big words, and to be forcible by employing strong ones. He has read enough to understand sesquipedalian expressions, and his taste is not polished enough to see through them. We see something of the same kind whenever an English penny-a-liner tries to be impressive. But it is also characteristic of the Americans that this bombast not only exists side by side with a peculiarly dry humor, but gradually passes into it. The perpetrator of unconscious absurdities gradually begins to manufacture them consciously and of malice prepense. He talks in 'Ercles vein and winks at us, as if he saw the joke himself. The mere buncombe of orators passes into the quaint exaggerations characteristic of the Western States, who describe themselves as half horse, half alligator, with a dash of the earthquake. The most outrageous bombast of the war proceeded from the notorious Parson Brownlow, who said if we remember right, that he proposed, if necessary, to fight the "Secesh" till hell froze, and then to fight them on the ice. The strong touch of profanity which is here characteristically introduced, produces another distinct form of exaggerated language. It is common, especially in the South-western States, to meet people who seem to have made a study of the art of profane swearing. They invent new and curious oaths. They systematically interlard every sentence with a choice collection of peculiar epithets. They absolutely coruscate into explosions of new-fangled oaths, going off like some novel piece of fireworks. It is obviously impossible to quote any appropriate specimens of this language.

The use of very big words, either seriously, or as a more or less consciously absurd piece of extravagance, is not the really characteristic part of American humor. There are, indeed, two ways of producing a comic effect which may be considered as the inverse of each other. An absurd overstatement or an absurd understatement may be equally effective. When Falstaff tells Rardolph that his face is an "everlasting bonfire light;" that he has "saved him a thousand marks in links and torches, walking in the night betwirt tavern and tavern," he gives a good specimen of the first. A well known American example his boat could float wherever the ground was a little damp. To illustrate the second, we he was asked whether he had not just crossed | middle of a dangerous rapid, that his little boy | spelling which represents the original pro-

the Alps. "Well," he replied, "I guess I passed some risin' ground." The philosophy of the two methods is perhaps the same; but the second is commoner amongst the genuine American humourists. When Artemus Ward describes his courtship, he begins by informing his beloved that she was a gazelle: which, he remarks, " I thought was putty fine." He goes on, " I wish thar was winders to my soul, so that you could see some of my feelin's. There's fire enough in here to bile all the cornbeef and turnips in the neighborhood. Vesoovius and the critter ain't a circumstance!" To all which, the lady replies, after some more attempts at eloquence on the approved models, "You say rite strate out what you are drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in!" This may be taken as an illustration of the nature of the real popular humor. It is to a considerable extent a protest by shrewd common sense against the bombast which is so prevalent, but which does not quite succeed in passing itself off for genuine. When a man, naturally acute, is set down to hear orators to spout nonsense, he is some-times sufficiently awed to accept it for genuine,—he feels that he is not entitled to be a critic; but his native sense enables him to have occasional glimpses of its absurdity, and he expresses himself in rather coarse but very terse condemnation.

The original source of American humor is therefore, to be looked for in such men as Franklin. He was the incarnation of that popular wisdom which generates proverbs and fables. His philosophy never soars above a rather low level; it takes the form of very racy maxims—of the great family to which belong the axioms about a penny saved being a penny got, and the advantages gained by being early to bed and early to rise. A characteristic story is the one which he told to console Jefferson for the alterations made in the draft of the Declaration of Independence. A friend of his had put up as a sign, a neatly painted hat, with the inscription, "John Brown, hatter, makes and repairs hats for ready money." One acquaintance suggested that the hat was not wanted, as the inscription explains his trade. A second observed that the remark about ready money was imprudent; a third, that as every hatter made and repaired hats, the words after hatter might be left out and nothing substituted; and a fourth, that every one knew that he was a hatter, or would see the hats in the window; so that the inscription was reduced to "John Brown." Moral: don't be too sensitive to your friend's advice. The same vein of humor appears in the innumerable anecdotes about Mr. Lincoln, who is the exact illustration of the great stratum of American society which forms the real strength of the nation, but is very feebly represented by its newspapers and politicians. It is enough to allude to one or two of Mr. Lincoln's well-known sayings. There is the one illustrating the difficulty of joining the North and South; about the architect who said that he could build a bridge to the inis the assertion of the Mississippi captain, that fernal regions, on which his friend remarked that he had " some doubts about the abutment. on the other side.' There is his answer to might quote the American, who had managed some one who requested him to interfere about to quote something in his native country to some trifling detail, telling how the captain of the time, they become stupid; they cannot parallel all the wonders of Europe. At last, a flatboat was saked by a father to stop in the

might pick up an apple which he had dropped overboard; or there is the last hint which he gave about reconstruction in reference to the new state government in Louisiana, that it is better to hatch your eggs than to break them. The sayings rightly or wrong attributed to him, with the invariable commencement, "I knew a man down West," may all be described as half-baked proverbs. If they were a little more compressed, and had a rather wider application, they might easily become proverbial and would contain a philosophy very superior to Mr. Tupper's. They excellently represent the peculiar national humor, as, indeed, many of them were no doubt sayings at large upon society, to which Mr. Lincoln was forced to act as sponsor. The political tone which they indicate has a great deal that reminds us much more of English sentiment than would be inferred from the set utterances of the official organs. There is the same strong contempt for humbug, and for "highfalutin" sentiment, the same strong practical sense and dislike for the declaration of lofty abstract principles. The humor is, it is true, a good deal dryer; it is, perhaps, keener. and it is certainly often more profane. To represent the typical producer of the commodity, we must first take a good solid English middle-class Puritan. Let him be baked in summer and frozen in winter till he has lost his superfluous fat his fresh complexion; he will then have run up an inch or two in height and rather lost in girth-especially round the waist. Suppose him to have retained in the process a good deal of his familiarity with the Bible, but to have lost some of his respect for it; he must have forgotten his traditional reverence for the Church and the House of Lords, and have been preached at by "windbags" of home growth till he is beginning to see to see through a good many of their tricks. His natural shrewdness has been increased, but he has become more reserved. more sensitive, and not quite so good-tempered. And finally, he must have come very decidedly to the conclusion (about which we will not argue) that he is, on the whole, one of the finest fellows on earth, and the centre, or in the Yankee phrase, the "hub" of the civilized world. He will give out his aphorisms with a mingled air of shrewdness, self-restraint, and complacency; and they will be tinged with an occasional half-conscious dash of extravagance. The result will be illustrated by a short notice of one or two of the late humorous writings.

ARTEMUS WARD is, on the whole, the best specimen of the last crop of humorists. He, it is true, owes something to his system of spelling, which is a small enough form of wit. There isn't very much fun in writing "henc-4th," or in putting "goakin" for joking. Eccentric spelling is as necessary in the Bigiow PAPERS as it is in Burns, because it is a genuine attempt to give the dialect of the country. Every humorist necessarily loses a great deal, by not being able to represent the peculiar nasal drawl, which seems to correspond to the mental attitude of the speaker. Many of the most excellent sayings in all conversation won't keep. Deprived of the manner, and of the dramatic dialogue which explains them at retain their brilliancy in a dry state. The

nunciation is therefore a fair expedient; but the arbitrary blunders, such as quoting "Hamlet's Soliloquy," "2 B or not 2 B"-are simply unmeaning. There are, however, better things than this in Artemus, and in his visit to the Mormons he has even ventured to spell correctly. His humor has the genuine Yankee cast, although it does not contain very brilliant specimens. He only occasionally writes on political topics, which are the staple of most of his imitators and rivals. We may quote one or two bits from his visit to the Mormons, as examples of his style. In passing through Nevada he remarks "Shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have 'dead man for breakfast'" (a playful Californian phrase) "every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a graveyard. 'A feeling of remorse,' he said, 'sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks. What'll yer poison yourself with?' he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar." This is followed by a story of a notorious desperado, whose practice it was to call for liquor, and, if any one declined joining him, " to commence shooting." At last, on a refusal of some stranger, he drew his revolver and exclaimed, "Good God, must I kill a man every time I come to Carson?" with which pathetic words, "of sorrow rather than of anger," he fired and killed his man. "The citizens," however, thought this a trifle too much and shot the murderer down with rifles. This is the kind of story which the narrator tells with imperturable gravity of countenance, pleased if you laugh, and doubly pleased if you are credulous enough to be awed. He describes Mormonism with the same kind of humorous salmness. In his imaginary visit to Brigham Young, when the prophet says in answer to a question, "'I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am married,' 'How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I." In his real visit he seems to have taken much the same point of view. "Brigham Young," he says, "Is a man of real natural ability. If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up." But he speaks civily of the Mormons, who are fond of balls, shows, and theatres. The plays have to be modified, as one of the Mormons left a representation of the Lady of Lyons together with his twenty-four wives, because he would'nt see a play where a man made such a cussed fuss over one woman. Perhaps his best story, as one illustrative of the worst side of Yankee shrewdness, relates to a conversation which he professes to have heard in a New England store to the following effect :-

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that sorril mare of

"Sold her," said William with a smile of satisfaction.

" Wot'd you git ?"

"Hund'd an' fisty dollars, cash doown."

"How ! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin' spavin' crit-

ter? Who'd you sell her to?"
"Sold her to mother!"
"Wot!" exclaimed brother No. 1, "did you really sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to mother? Wall, you oir a shrewd one !"

Humerous literature in America, as well as every other kind of literature, has been of late chiefly devoted to the war as the one great topic of interest. We may remark, by the way, that a very unfair criticism has Been

we stopped all joking during the Crimean of a gun, similar to those used at the Revoluwar; that Poscs whilst if lasted, never made a hit at Lord Aberdeen, or that Gilray never caricatured Pitt in the revolutionary wars. The Americans, it was said, joked about the war because their hearts were not in it. This is simply absurd. Rightly or wrongly, they certainly gave every proof of being absorbed in the war to an almost incredible extent. That was, however, no reason why they should abandon the use of their trenchant and sometimes rather grim style of humor. When some one reproached President Lincoln for his jokes during some of the worst part of the war, he replied, that but for such a relaxation he could not have borne the weight of anxiety. His last very touching inaugural message gives, no doubt, the most prevailing color of his mind, which was an almost pathetic melancholy; and, indeed, it may be observed that men with a very strong sense of humor are frequently inclined to melancholy intervals. We don't suppose that the occasional facetiousness of the American people was the consequence of any such necessity for relief, but it was certainly as compatible with the deepest sentiment. The general tone of thought though not the method of expression, may be fairly imagined by taking one of the average Englishmen, who, as an Englishman, condemned the war heartily; thought it was nonsense to fight to force men into brotherly kindness; considered the Abolitionists to be humbugs, and the United States to be running into hopeless bankruptcy. Such a man, transplanted for a sufficient time, would absorb the popular prejudices of his new soil. He would adopt as blindly a different set of national commonplaces. He would insensibly substitute a fanatical belief in an idol called the Union for a belief in old England; he would hate humbugs and agitators and corrupt jobs heartily, and unreasonable philanthrophy more heartily still. The hatred which Englishman felt for "red tape" in the Crimean war, and the contempt which they (some of them at least) have expressed for nigger-worshippers during the Jamaica troubles, may represent the feelings of the genuine Yankee population towards greenbacks and shoddy aristocracies on the one hand, and the irrepressible negro on the other. We who wished honestly to see the nigger free, hated him as the cause of the troubles, and as our English or "Anglo-Saxon" breed always hates an inferior race. The battery of the humorists is generally directed to play upon these obnoxious objects. The prevalent view of the nigger is excellently put by Artemus Ward "Feller sittersens, the Afrikan may be our brother, but the Afrikan isn't our sister and our wife and our uncle. He isn't several of our brothers, and all our first wive's relations. He isn't our grandfather and our great grandfather, and our aunt in the country. Scarcely; and yet numeris persons would have us think so But we've got the Afrikan or ruther he's got us, and now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. Praps he isn't to blame for it. Praps he was created for sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan' rum; but it's mity hard to see it." The reckless Government expenditure is tolerably satirized in the "ORPHEOS C. Keen Parens;" which, however, are, as a rule, made by some writers, who seem to fancy that | very poor. The author goes to see the trial

tion, only that it was painted green instead of blue, and had a larger touch-hole. Being pointed at a target 60 yards off, the target is not hit, and no ball can be found. After great surprise, somebody looks into the mouth and observes that the ball has not gone out at all. "The inventor said this would happen sometimes, especially if you didn't put a brick over the touch-hole when you fired the gun." The Government orders forty guns on the spot, at 200,000 dollars a piece. This is rather a ponderous attempt at witticism, but is enough to indicate the nature of a good deal of popular facetiousness. Another side of the negro question is touched upon in Ward's visit to Richmond after the siege.

"My, brother, I sed to a cullerd purson, air you aware that you've bin 'mancipated? Do you realize how glorious it is to be free? tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realize the great fact in all it's lovin' and holy magnitood?"

"He said he would take some gin."

Another bit in the same vein illustrates the feeling towards the Southern whites. Artemus remarks :- " There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city—I see it on ev'ry hand. I met a man to-day who said, "Why, we've been fightin' agin the old flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!' He then borrowed five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears." And the general verdict on the war is summed up as follows, at the end of a conversation with a " prowd and hawty Suthener."

"Young man, adoo. You Southern fellows is probably my brothers, though you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin' it! It's over now. Let's all give in and make a country on this continent that shall give all Europe the cramp in the stummack every time they look at us. Adoo, adoo! And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, gentle reader, merely remarking, that the star-spangled banner is wavin' round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a

slight cold."

With which characteristic touch of Mr. Ward's we must leave him. Though not very brilliant, he fairly represents the average popular sentiment. A much higher representative of the political feeling of the country is to be found in Mr. Lowell, author of the "Big-LOW PAPERS. The first series of those papers, which reflects the sensation produced in the North by the Mexican war, and the annexation of Texas, was to many people the first revelation of American humor. Although they would require a commentary to enable the English reader fully to understand their allusions, their brilliant hits, enclosed in language equally quaint and caustic, impressed many unacquainted with American politics. Such a verse as this fixes itself on the memory, although the reader might have never heard of General Jackson's letter, in which the expression about " area of freedom " occurs, nor even have known who the famous General was, and still less who were Cass and Calhoun:

The mass ough' to labor and we lay on soffies, Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree It puts all the cunnin'est en us in office, An' reclises our Maker's orig'nal idee,

Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he ;-Thet's on plain, says Case
As that some one's an ass,
It's or elear as the sun it at neon, see he,

Much American humor consists of saying high-flown expressions by bringing them down abruptly to the best of plain facts: as in the case of the niggers and abolition; but as that case shows, much that is really noble is apt to suffer along with its imitation; and hence some of the cynical hardness of which we have spoken. In the last verses, Mr. Lowell takes a different method, and makes the really noble ambition, which lies at the bottom of enormous piles of bombast and buncombe in the American mind, come out the more vigorously for being put into homely language.

There is one more characteristic of American humor which we must notice—the familiar use of scriptural language. In certain cases this is perfectly natural and harmless. An uneducated man mixes up scripture and common life more frequently in proportion to his belief in scripture. Many of the stories which seem risky to us would be impressive to the original speakers. A certain Mr. Lorenzo Dow preached a sermon on the text from St. Paul, "I can do all things." "No, Paul," he said, "you are wrong for once. I'll bet you five dollars you can't," and he laid down a fivedollar bill on the desk. He continued to read, "through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Ah! Paul," he said, "that's a very different thing the bet's off." This decidedly beats any anecdote we ever heard of Mr. Spurgeon; but there was formerly a race of preacher's in the United States in whose mouths such a saying would seem to be very natural. There was a well-known Peter Cartwright, a Methodist preacher in Tennessee, who has published certain "sketches and eccentricities." The style of this gentleman's eloquence may be judged of from the following:

"A certain major flew into a desperate rage, and said if he thought I would fight him a duel he would challenge

" 'Major.' I said, very calmly, 'if you challenge me, I will accept it.'

" Well, sir,' said he, 'I do dare you to mortal com-

" Very well, I'll fight you; and, sir,' said I, ' according to the laws of honor I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight?" " Certainly,' said he.

" Well,' said I, 'then we will step over into this lot and get a couple of cornstalks I think I can finish you with one.

" But oh ! what a rage he got into. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance. Said he, 'If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a moment,'
"Yes, yes, major,' said I; 'but thank God! you can't

whip me; but don't you attempt to strike me; for, if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in all your life !' and then walked off and left him."

This vigorous parson was said, on another occasion, to have held a profane ferryman under water till he would promise to say the Lord's prayer. He afterwards became intimate with General Jackson, on an occasion certainly creditable in some respects to both. The General came one evening to the church where he was already preaching. An officious hanger-on of the General's wanted him to take some notice of his arrival. "I felt," he says, " a flush of indignation come out all over me, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro." Whereupon the preacher and the General became intimate friends. This rough preacher in the half-cettled districts was no doubt suited to his flock. Amongst the more civilized New kind of humor, it may be supposed that we

England population, the mixture of sacred and profane has been due to Puritan traditions, and still survives to some extent to the present time. Where every one is sufficiently educated to read the Bible, and the Bible is the first book that every one reads, a great many of its phrases are sure to pass into common use. Our modern plan of treating the Bible respectfully by carefully keeping it out of the way of common life, is a piece of refinement incomprehensible to minds which have not been made so sensitive by education. We would rather not decide which practice shows most belief, though it is plain which shows most reverence. The use of scriptural phrases has, however, in America come down to people who are little in the habit of reading the Bible with much faith or with much respect. The consequence is, that a good many modern American witticisms certainly strike an Englishman as profane. There is the one, which everybody knows, which recounts the trapper's prayer when he was in danger from a grisly bear. We mention it as a curious example of the way in which a story passes from one people to another, and by being accommodated to different scenery takes a different humorous tinge. Mr. Carlyle, in the Life of Frederick, relates the anecdote in an earlier-we cannot say whether it is the original-form, where a Prussian General implores the divine favor upon the Prussian arms in the approaching battle, and, if that cannot be granted, implores, at least, the divine neutrality. In the American version, the profanity is somewhat heightened by the way in which the sight of a tarnation big bear-fight seems to be thrown in as an inducement towards granting the prayer. This accusation has been brought against Mr. Lowell, as, for example, in regard to the well-known verse-

Parson Wilbur ses he never heard in his life That the Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats An' marched round in front of a drum and a fife, To get some on 'em office or some on 'em votes ; But John P. Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.

It is impossible to pronounce positively on such a point, because the effect depends so much upon our conventional mode of showing respect. We may, however, say, that if the writer is to be judged by his intention, Mr. Lowell must be fully acquitted; he uses the most vigorous illustrations that come to hand, without very carefully asking where they come from; but he never gives us what can be faircalled gratuitous profamity.

Most of the humor of which we have quoted examples, is what may be called "applied humor." It is the result of shrewd, and for the most part half-educated minds, acting upon matters of every-day interest, amongst which, of course, politics occupy a prominent part in America. We should, in order to complete the subject, take notice of the pure humor; of humor, that is, which exists only for its own sake, and which scarcely arises until there has grown up a class with taste for literary leisure, and which goes through intellectual exercises for the love of them. Such, for example, are Charles Lamb's exquisite Essays, whose existence is sufficient to justify themselves. We read them not to learn, but for the pleasure of the exquisite style and graceful play of thought. Of this

shall meet with few examples in America. from their love of the practical, and from the smaller number of finished scholars. A man doesn't begin to write pure humor or Latin verses till he has time on his hands. Artemus Ward can only be classed one degree above the wax-figure showmen whom he personates. He is not enough of an intellectual being to come up to the character we require. Washington Irving and Mr. Hawthorne showed some very delicate humor, but it was scarcely original enough to be distinctly American. It reminded us not distantly of European models We can, however, mention one writer who has shown a very distinctive and thoroughly national humor; we mean Dr. Holmes. He shows the peculiar shrewdness of his countrymen, but applied to more refined objects of thought. He is often quaint, but is never guilty of transgressing the bounds of really good taste. It is, however, unfair to attempt a summary of his merits at the end of an article, and we will, therefore, conclude our quotations by a short specimen taken from his most amusing book, "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE :-

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks; the angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of resurrection.

"Tic-tac, tic-tac, go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the everswinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads!

" If we could only get at them as we lie on our pillows, and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image jarring through the overtired organ. Will nobody block these wheels, uncouple that pinion, out the string that holds these weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that we could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?"

" From half a dime to a dime, according to the style of the place and the quality of the liquor," said the young fellow whom they call

"You speak trivially, but not unwisely," I

A FALL SERENADE

By a Lover with a Cold in his Head. Oh! ask be dot to blow by dose, By charbing one, by owd; You bay dot know de bain I feel-It dever cad be dode! Oh! bight we fly to other scedes, Or dwell in yodder star, Oh! ded my lubly baid, id bliss

I'd strike by light catarrh! CHORUS-Oh! ask be dot, etc.

The widd that blows across the boor, Had it a dose to blow, With such a code as I hab got, Ah! would it blow it? Dee! But see, de rays of cubbing dawd Are gleabing on the dew; I hear de berry bugle hord, By baiden fair-AT-TIONING

(For the Saturday Press.)

ON A FARM.

Burlington, N. J., Jan. 15, 1866.

DEAR PRESS :-

One great convenience about my place here is its proximity to Philadelphia.

Now Philadelphia is a very nice city, when one can't get at New York.

Its streets, and other things about it, are so thoroughly "on the square," you know.

One might like to see an occasional white shutter, or, once and again, a marble doorstep or window-sill; but setting aside this deficiency (which, carried to excess, might, I admit, produce a certain sameness), it is a very nice city indeed.

So we like to go down there sometimes, for a day's "shopping" and what not.

On our way down, recently, my wife was guilty of a joke.

A shrill-voiced youth perambulated the car, bearing one of the latest deceptions of the confectioners (surely the Devil sent them, whether the proverb regarding cooks be true or no), and shouting, shricking at the top of his lungs: "Ice-cream candy! Ice-cream candy !"

"Good gracious," quoth she in an aside, "I should think you did scream candy!"

Which wasn't bad-for her.

One thing I should like explained, O Press. What can a rather solemn-looking little man with a black moustache mean by always stalking through the train, after it leaves Burlington, and—with a stern look at passenger after passenger-remarking, in freezing accents, "Baggage!"

If he does it to me again, I think I shall demand an explanation.

It is sufficient injury to one's feelings to be obliged to ride in the uncomfortable cars—the Camden and Amboy—without being also called names by some unknown employé of the concern.

After paying for a ticket, and walking into a car without assistance, I claim that I am not "baggage," and I cannot answer for the consequences if the injurious epithet is again applied to me.

But I must return to my farm.

Of course I have a small amount of live stock.

And here let me say that I have noticed all my life, and everywhere, that all animals much better and pay much better if they are kindly treated and cared for, than if they are left to shift for themselves.

The same amount of corn, hay or oats, will produce vastly different results with the two systems.

Have an interest in your animals; see that they are kept warm, and comfortable, and contented, and the same food will show immensely greater good than that given by your neighbor who lets all care, except feeding, go by the

All my animals like me and I like them: consequently they do well in the matter of butter, eggs, growth, and what not.

There's my ugly dog "Beauty."

When he came to me I think he hated the

whole cat family a little beyond any other family in this world.

Now he lies snoozing before my fire-for I sometimes admit him to the house—with the most frolicsome kitten you ever saw (enough to wear out the patience of Job's black-andtan terrier) nestled among his legs, or on his head, or anywhere she pleases.

I taught him very readily.

The fact is I hate cruelty to any of the dumb creatures.

Which reminds me of what I saw once at Fresh Pond, near Cambridge (Mass.), being done by some medical (or other) students to some frogs.

They had caught a number, and were blowing the unfortunate captives up by means of artfully inserted straw.

Having properly inflated the victims they cast them into the water, where they helplessly floated, their white, glistening bellies uppermost.

I declare it gave me a stomachache to think what they must have suffered.

The students, no doubt, thought it a good practical joke.

What the frogs thought was quite another

Speaking of practical jokes, I think a good one, if it has not too much malice in it, is a very good thing.

Such an one I remember that has never yet strayed into print.

It was perpetrated by a true and gallant gentleman, who since fell at the head of his brigade in the Shenandoah valley.

Your old friend, Mr. Ed. House, knew him well, and doubtless loved him, as I did.

I have seen a photograph of the two, taken under a tree in Virginia, in which they stand side by side, looking two as guant and warworn individuals as you would wish to meet with in a campaign.

But that has nothing to do with my story.

Several years ago there was an annual three-day "muster" of certain Western Massachusetts regiments held at Northampton, in

"High private" in one of the companies was the friend I write of; and jolly good times he and two or three more choice spirits made for their comrades in arms.

Now round about the camp various sutlers, showmen, and other outside barbarians had pitched their tents, for the purpose of relieving the militia of their spare change.

friends were outside the lines having a good

Roving from point to point they came upon a tent, outside which a burly man was shouting:-" Walk up! Walk up! Walk right in and see the great Kentucky giantess, the horse with six legs and nary two alike, the living anacondas, and the man that swallows a sword and eats small rocks for supper-all for ten cents!"

"By Jove, boys," said - "that sounds good! Let's go in."

A smile overspread the features of the doorheeper at the "fat take" before him.

" Many in ?" inquired --

"Lots! Full of soldiers!" replied the doorkeeper. "It's worth the money; only ten cents! Pass right in."

" Count 'em P' said

"All right," quoth the guardian of the show. Pass right in, gentlemen!"

And about thirty passed in.

"Have you counted 'em ?" inquired "All right! Thirty-two, an' you'll make thirty-three."

" Qh, I'm not going in!" quoth -

" You ain't?" said the man, a horrible suspicion crossing his mind.

"No, I'm going back to camp," said ---. " Good night!"

Then, my dear Press, if you could have seen that infuriated door-keeper speed to the mysterious interior of the tent!

There were at least a hundred persons crowded within its stifling canvas walls, all in

"Here! Look a-here! I counted you, I believe! Didn't I count you? Wasn't you counted?"

Thus he flew from blue-coat to blue-coat; but not a soul owned up, and thirty men saw the snakes and things for "nothin'."

It was a bad sell, decidedly bad; as, no doubt, the victimized showman thought.

I fear this letter is a sell, also, I have said so little about my farm. WARREN.

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public nething, and to her estimable qualities not merely
as the great singer whom we have all been willing to recognise and appreciate, but as the obliging lady whom a
few have been permitted to know, begs to announce that
he will tender her

A GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT,
to take place at Irving Hall, the proprietors of which establishment have kindly volunteered its use on this occasion.

Grand scena and aria, "Ah Perido," Beethoven, (by request;) song, "My Long Hair is Braided," from Amber Witch, Wallace; duet from "Nosse di Figaro," Mosart, with Miss Seguin, and the "Laughing Song," by Auber. MISS MARIA SEGUIN will sing the air, "Il scare e bel Contento," Pacini, and duet, "Nosse di Figaro."

MR. S. C. CAMPBELL will sing: Air from Un Balle in Maschera, and duet, "Rose of Castile," with Mr. E. Seguin.

Mr. E. SEGUIN will sing duet with Mr. Campbell. Mr. S. B. MILLS will play two piane soles. Mr. J. LEVY, cornet "Hungarian Fautasie" and Faust

Walts.
Herr CARL ROSA, violin, Fantasie Caprice. Vieuxtemps; Fantasie Trovatore, Rosa.
The orchestra will perform two overtures and one march
by Mozart, Flotow and Mendelssohn.
Herr THEODORE THOMAS has kindly volunteered as
leader.

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WEDNESDAY Evening, January 24, 1868, Second time in several years Sheridan's great play of PIZABBO.

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